THE WASHINGTON HERALD

PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING BY

The Washington Herald Company,

425-427-429 Eleventh Street. Phone Main 3300

CLINTON T. BRAINARD...../.....President and Publisher

FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES:
THE BECKWITH SPECIAL AGENCY.
New York, Tribune Building; Chicago, Tribune Building; St. Louis, Third National Bank Building; Detroit, Ford Building.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY CARRIER:
Daily and Sunday, 40 cents per month; $4.80 per year.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY MAIL:
Daily and Sunday, 50 cents per month; $6.00 per year. Daily only, 40 cents per month; $4.50 per year.

Entered at the postoffice at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1918.

Germany Asks Time.

The first official word received from the armistice conference on the Western front informs us that the German emissaries asked for a cessation of hostilities while negotiations were on. Of course, Gen. Foch refused.

The request of the enemy is not surprising. It was to be expected. Time has been the fight of Germany from the inception of her peace offensive. Her existence depended upon the saving of minutes. But thus far she has not gained a second to consolidate her round armies, to give her war-weary troops rest and to bring up sorely needed supplies.

The allies discovered her time-saving trick at the beginning. President Wilson saw the treachery of the enemy and in the exchange of notes knew that what Germany wanted, whether she had a government of and by the people or by her autocrats, was time.

Defeated in her purpose, Germany's armistice representatives make one final effort to save time. But Foch knew as well as they did what hours mean to armies in retreat with the victors at their heels relinquishing no effort.

Before Germany entered into armistice negotiations she knew that there was to be no quibbling over terms. The terms had been prepared. They were allied terms—terms of the victor—and it is to be either "Yes" or "No" for the vanquished. If Germany gives the former answer she can have a cessation of hostilities with our armies occupying the vitals of her territory. If "No" is the answer the fighting will go on without a moment lost by the allies or a moment gained by the enemy.

When Foch was asked for a cessation of hostilities he might have added to his refusal:

"We will give you bayonets, bombs, tanks, gas, grenades and a hundred different varieties of powder and shot, but time—No!"

Oil and Prosperity.

Those who have been directing with skill and energy the oil industry of the United States with intent to make it serve the necessities of the government are to be congratulated upon work recently performed by them, in pursuading the Senate committee so to frame the revenue bill as to make it possible to stimulate the industry.

A. C. Bedford, chairman of the board of directors of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, has given unremitting labor and thought to the question of how the oil industry of the United States can be so mobilized at this time as to make it possible to meet the needs of the government.

Henry L. Doherty has also contributed almost all of his time and all of his energy since the House passed the revenue bill, so that he might aid the Senate in reaching a wise and satisfactory determination of the proper tax to be imposed upon this industry.

All of the leaders in the oil industry have said over and over again that it is not the desire of those who are engaged in this vocation to escape taxation. They are willing to pay a reasonable tax provided it is fairly imposed. But they urge the government to shun such taxation as would inevitably lead to a restriction of production of oil.

More and more it is being recognized that the oil industry, while it is of vital importance to the prosperity of the United States, nevertheless may be in some danger of impairment due to the extraordinary demands which industry and commerce are now making upon oil.

One of the most important problems that await solution in the future which is not distant will, if satisfactorily answered, show how we can conserve our oil supplies. We are using up our oil at a rate which is almost staggering. Dr. E. G. Acheson, one of the foremost American men of science and who has been for many years identified with some features associated with the oil industry, recently made a computation which resulted in some alarming figures. For his computation showed that at the present rate of production of oil in the United States, which is approximately 341,000,000 barrels a year, we shall have in eleven years produced as much oil as the entire production of the country from the day when petroleum was first discovered and commercially utilized. These figures point to the necessity not only of conserving our oil industry but also of stimulating its production. In 1897, Dr. Acheson points out, the total production of oil in the United States was 60,000,475 barrels, whereas twenty years later it had increased so that in 1917 the production was 341,000,000. Some of the best authorities estimate that at the present rate of production and use our oil supplies will have been exhausted within twenty years. If they are, what will follow?

The Austro-Hungarian army wants to go home to mother—but there's no home to go to.

Service at the peace table will be table d'hote. The Huns' only choice will be roast crow, rare or well done.

As for us, we'd trust the Hungarians about as far as the Huns. Keep a wary eye on that new Hungarian state.

Available for immediate use: Excellent military machine, in perfect working order. Reason: European engagement closed.

For rent: Large open-air theater, suitable for military activities. Unless taken at once, will be converted into international park.

Even when Foch has proved to the Huns that they're whipped he may have to lick them again to prove to them that they've been wrong.

Wilson decorates Foch with the Distinguished Service Medal, while the marshal decorates Huns with the extinguished service insignia!

When Fritz wakes up to the armistice terms, it will be just his sort of a stunt to ask for a preliminary armistice so that he can have time to discuss the armistice terms.

The Star.

Let us fight on. So let us always be—always.
A smile on the face, the hand thus held outstretched,
Eyes clear and head held high. Thus may we be,
Thus ever. Let us fight on. Things changed we often see.
Let's help to change them—not stand idly by
In careless attitude. Let the world laugh or cry—
What is it all to us? Ours is the fight
Ours is the nobler deed * * * nobler by far
Because we gaze and, gazing, see a star.
Who knows, we may soon find if it is there.
Let's look. Only those find who looking seek, and dare.
And the star found—let's share it with the earth
And smile in sharing. There's too great a dearth
Of gratitude and generous hearts hereby.
Let's give and give and give until we die.
We'll speak the truth and face things with a smile.
Things are better for it. Who knows, in some brief while.
All may be different—we the changers, too.
We'll change the world together—I—and you!

—Richard Mansfield 2d. in "Courage."

HEARD UNDER THE DOME

What will the Republicans do now that they are assured of control of Congress?

Some of them, in fact, are worried, for they think they will seriously handicap themselves for the Presidential race in 1920, and that perhaps their two years' custody of Congressional affairs leading up to that race will not be a handy argument to use in the Presidential campaign.

There are two widely boulleting schools of thought in the parties that take their cues from their old political associations, the progressive and the standpat. This difference in the parties will grow quite as pronounced now under Congressional control as it was when the Republicans used to be in control. This is what the Democratis leaders contend and what they hope will be attempted. It will be interesting to see if their beliefs are adhered to in the next two years.

The re-election of Champ Clark continues him among the potential Presidential candidates. The defeat of Senator Weeks, of Massachusetts, on the other hand, removes him from the Republican Presidential possibilities.

Champ Clark's friends are anxious to have him made actual leader of the House minority so that his Presidential potentialities may be increased. They believe if he is given two years in this trying position, he will grow immensely under it, so much so, in fact, that if President Wilson does not run for a third term, no other candidate will appear to give serious opposition for the place.

Republicans seem to feel that no outstanding leadership will be developed as a result of their control of Congress to a point where that leadership will inject itself into the equation. Mr. Lodge, as head of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, for instance, will not be able to develop himself into Presidential timber. Neither will Bois Penrose, as head of the Finance Committee; neither will Mr. Mann nor Mr. Gillet as leaders in the House. The only hope of the Republicans is in an outside candidate, so the leaders confess, and just now, it must be admitted, the hands of fate point to Theodore Roosevelt. Leaders here, however, see some danger in his probable candidacy, for they say that standpat leadership of both House and Senate will have to swallowed with much misgivings by Roosevelt, if he hopes to continue in the Republican party and to be an ardent defender of its entire course.

THE OBSERVER.

COMPLIMENTS HERALD.

Reader "Proud" of Newspaper Literature" on Victory Parade Story.

Editor The Washington Herald:

The writeup in this morning's Herald of yesterday's victory "parades" in the National Capital is one of the best that I ever read (and I have been connected with newspaperdom since 1880). The writeup, like the parades themselves, was entirely free from professionalism; it was one of those pieces of newspaper literature that makes a man proud the paper is printed in his town. Let's have more of this sort of city editorship; it is enjoyable and helpful.

JOHN N. QUINN.
307 Elm avenue, Takoma Park.
Washington, D. C.

(Editor's Note—We appreciate this kind letter and say that The Washington Herald always strives to give its readers the best.)

What We Must Fight For.

Ex-Premier Asquith touched the fundamental issue of the war when he said our main objective is "to destroy Prussian militarism." The ousting of the Hohenzollern is not the main purpose, but only a corollary of it. The corner-stone of the Hohenzollern is, and has always been, militarism. The power of the Hohenzollern can be swept away only by destroying the foundations on which it rests.

The world will not be "safe for democracy" if militarism remains undestroyed, and militarism will not be destroyed by an exchange of notes with Berlin. The thing that started Germany on her peace drive was not the internal political situation, but the many weeks of steady defeats Marshal Foch administered to her armies. The best answer to her hypocritical and unprepared for peace is the drive on the Western front.

The German army must be smashed to smithereens. Marshal Foch can do it, if we give him time and back him up. When the German army is completely defeated and forced to an unconditional surrender, when the German people have been convinced that militarism had led them to destruction instead of to "a place in the sun," the Hohenzollern will go of necessity. On this clear ground a German democracy may then be erected.

Let us not becloud the issue: We are not fighting for anything else than, as Mr. Asquith says, "to destroy Prussian militarism." When that has been destroyed, no Kaiser will have the despotic power to order out, at twenty-four hours' notice, an army of 10,000,000 to fight for something they know nothing about.—From Leslie's.

Our Fourth War.

This is the fourth war we have engaged in for freedom and liberty. Our first, in 1776, for liberty and the right to participate in the making and execution of the laws by which we were to be governed; the second, in 1812, for the freedom of the seas; the third, in 1861, for the emancipation of a subject race in our midst; and now the fourth—we are fighting not only for our own protection in the future, to save our children, and our children's children from fighting to preserve our birthright, but also to give all peoples, great and small, the right of self-government, and protection from predatory power and national bandits. And this war we will fight to a finish—a victorious finish; a finish not by negotiation, but by unconditional surrender.

A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' THE YEAR.

By John Kendrick Bangs.

CO-OPERATION.

The Universe and I must work together
However bleak or pleasant be the weather;
And though it's rather large, and I am small,
That does not change the simple fact at all
That in our own respective sphere and line
It has its job and I likewise have mine;
And long as it provides heat, air and light,
I'll do my stunt with all my main and might.

(Copyright, 1918.)

"SCHOOL DAYS"

By DWIG

Fight for the Dardanelles Now Surrendered

Ambassador Morgenthau Tells of Dramatic Venture.

VICTORY IN SIGHT; FLEET DEPARTS

TWENTIETH INSTALLMENT.

"After the war is over," said Gen. Mertens, "we are going to establish a big tourist resort here, build a hotel and sell relics to you Americans. We shall not have to do much excavating to find them—the British fleet is doing that for us now."

This sounded like a passing joke, yet the statement was literally true. Dardanos, where this emplacement is located, was one of the famous cities of the ancient world; in Homeric times it was part of the principality of Priam. Fragments of capitals and columns are still visible. And the shells from the allied fleet were now plowing up many relics which had been buried for thousansd of years. One of my friends picked up a water jug which had perhaps been used in the days of Troy. The effectiveness of modern gunfire in excavating these evidences of a long lost civilization was striking—though unfortunately the relics did not always come to the surface intact.

The Turkish generals were extremely proud of the fight which this Dardanos battery had made against the British ships. They would lead me to the guns that had done particularly good service and pat them affectionately. For my benefit Djevad called out Lieut. Hassan, the Turkish officer who had defended this position. He was a little fellow, with jet black hair, black eyes, extremely modest and almost shrinking in the presence of these great generals. Djevad patted Hassan on both cheeks, while another high Turkish officer stroked his hair; one would have thought that he was a faithful dog who had just performed, some meritorious service.

"It is men like you of whom great heroes are made," said Gen. Djevad. He asked Hassan to describe the attack and the way it had been met. The embarrassed lieutenant quietly told his story, though he was moved almost to tears by the appreciation of his exalted chiefs.

"There is a great future for you in the army," said Gen. Djevad, as we parted from this hero.

Poor Hassan's "future" came two days afterward when the allied fleet made its greatest attack. One of the shells struck his dugout, which caved in, killing the young man. Yet his behavior on the day I visited his battery showed that he regarded the praise of his general as sufficient compensation for all that he had suffered or all that he might suffer.

Looked Like Poor Shooting.

I was much puzzled by the fact that the allied fleet, despite its large expenditures of ammunition, had not been able to hit this Dardanos emplacement. I naturally thought at first that such a failure indicated poor marksmanship, but my German guides said that this was not the case. All this misfire merely illustrated once more the familiar fact that a rapidly maneuvering battleship is under a great disadvantage in shooting at a fixed fortification. But there was another point involved in the Dardanos battery. My hosts called my attention to its location; it was perched on the top of the hill, in full view of the ships, forming itself a part of the skyline. Dardanos was merely five steel turrets, each armed with a gun, approached by a winding trench.

"That," they said, "is the most difficult thing in the world to hit. It is so distinct that it looks easy, but the whole thing is an illusion."

I do not understand completely the optics of the situation; but it seems that the skyline creates a kind of mirage, so that it is practically impossible to hit anything at that point, except by accident. The gunner might get what was apparently a perfect sight, yet his shell ould go wild. The record of Dardanos had been little short of marvelous. Up to March 18, the ships had fired at it about 4,000 shells. One turret had been hit by a splinter, which had also scratched the paint, another had been hit and slightly bent in, and another had been hit near the base and a piece about the size of a man's hand had been knocked out. But not a single gun had been even slightly damaged. Eight men had been killed, including Lieut. Hassan, and about forty had been wounded. That was the extent of the destruction.

"It was the optical illusion that saved Dardanos," one of the Germans remarked.

Allied Armada Sails Away.

Again getting into the automobile, we rode along the shore, my host calling my attention to the mine fields, which stretched from Tchanak southward about seven miles. In this area the Germans and Turks had scattered nearly 400 mines. They told me with a good deal of gusto that the Russians had furnished a considerable number of these destructive engines. Day after day Russian destroyers sowed mines at the Black Sea entrance to the Bosporus, hoping that they would float down stream and fulfill their appointed task. Every morning Turkish and German mine sweepers would go up, fish out these mines, and place them in the Dardanelles.

The battery at Erenkeui had also been subjected to a heavy bombardment, but it had suffered litle. Unlike Dardanos, it was situated back of a hill, completely shut out from view. In order to fortify this spot, I was told, the Turks had been compelled practically to dismantle the fortifications of the Inner Straits—that section of the stream which extends from Tchanak to Point Nagara. This was the reason why this latter part of the Dardanelles was now practically unfortified. The guns that had been moved for this purpose were old style Krupp pieces of the model of 1885.

South of Erenkeui, on the hills bordering the road, the Germans had introduced an innovation. They had found several Krupp howitzers left over from the Bulgarian war and had installed them on concrete foundations. Each battery had four or five of these emplacements so that, as I approached them, I found several substantial bases that apparently had no guns. I was mystified further at the sight of a herd of buffaloes—I think I counted sixteen engaged in the operation—hauling one of these howitzers from one emplacement to another. This, it seems, was part of the plan of defense. As soon as the dropping shells indicated that the fleet had obtained the range, the howitzer would be moved, with the aid of buffalo teams, to another concrete emplacement.

A Burlesque Gun.

"We have even a better trick than that," remarked one of the officers. They called out a sergeant, and recounted his achievement. This soldier was the custodian of a contraption which, at a distance, looked like a real gun, but which, when I examined it near at hand, was apparently an elongated section of sewer pipe. Back of a hill, entirely hidden from the fleet, was placed the gun with which this sergeant had cooperated. The two were connected by telephone. When the command came to fire, the gunner in charge of the howitzer would discharge his shell, while the man in charge of the sewer pipe would burn several pounds of black powder and send forth a conspicuous cloud of inky smoke. Not unnaturally the Englishmen and Frenchmen on the ship would assume that the shells speeding in their direction came from the visible smoke cloud and would proceed to center all their attention upon that spot. The space around this burlesque gun was pock-marked with shell holes; the sergeant in charge, I was told, had attracted more than 500 shots, while the real artillery piece still remained intact and undetected.

From Erenkeui we motored back to Gen. Djevad's headquarters, where we had lunch. Djevad took me up to an observation post, and there before my eyes I had the beautiful blue expanse of the Aegean. I could see the entrances to the Dardenelles, Sedd-ul-Bahr and Kum Kale standing like the guardians of a gateway, with the rippling sunny waters stretching between. Far out I saw the majestic ships of England and France sailing across the entrance, and still farther away, I caught a glimpse of the island of Tenedos, behind which we knew that a still larger fleet lay concealed. Naturally this prospect brought to mind a thousand historic and legendary associations, for there is probably no single spot in the world more crowded with poetry and romance. Evidently my Turkish escort, Gen. Djevad, felt the spell, for he took a telescope and pointed at a bleak expanse, perhaps six miles away.

"Look at that spot," he said, handing me the glass. "Do you know what that is?"

I looked but could not identify this sandy beach.

The Plains of Troy.

"Those are the plains of Troy," he said. "And the river that you see winding in and out," he added, "we Turks call it the Mendere, but Homer knew it as the Scamander. Back of us, only a few miles distant, is Mount Ida."

Then he turned his glass out to sea, swept the field where the British ships lay, and again asked me to look at an indicated spot. I immediately brought within view a magnificent English warship, all stripped for battle, quietly steaming along like a man walking on patrol duty.

"That," said Gen. Djevad, "is the Agamemnon!"

"Shall I fire a shot at her?" he asked me.

"Yes, if you'll promise me not to hit her," I answered.

We lunched at headquarters, where we were joined by Admiral Usedom, Gen. Mertens, and Gen. Pomiankowsky, the Austrian military attache at Constantinople. The chief note in the conversation was one of absolute confidence in the future. Whatever the diplomats and politicians in Constantinople may have thought, these men, Turks and Germans, had no expectation—at least their conversation betrayed none—that the allied fleets would pass their defenses. What they seemed to hope for above everything was that their enemies would make another attack.

"If we could only get a chance at the Queen Elizabeth!" said one eager German, referring to the greatest ship in the British navy, then lying off the entrance.

As the Rhein wine began to disappear, their eagerness for the combat increased.

"If the damn fools would only make a landing!" exclaimed one—I quote his exact words.

(To be Continued Tomorrow.)

OPHELIA'S SLATE.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McINTYRE.

New York, Nov. 8.—It has come! The Grape Juice Dansant. Terrace Garden, long the rendezvous for Teutonic-looking beer drinkers, is now the new Prohibition Dancing Hall. Terrace Garden produced many favorite German dishes and long-haired professors and beerists were there nightly in abundance.

There is something of the atmosphere of the old-time barn dance in the new dance palace. The place is for soldiers and sailors primarily, but others are flocking there. The new prohibition dansant is sucking the few remaining dance devotees of the Broadway places into its huge maw. Terrace Garden is one of the largest dance places in town.

With the opening of Terrace Garden under soft drink rule comes a new dance to New York known as the "Shimmy-she-wah-wah." It has become as popular as the fox trot already. The dance, like the fox trot, had an ignoble environment at birth. The fox trot came from the honky-tonks of the Barbary Coast. The "Shimmy-she-wah-wah comes from the wiggles of the pre-war jazz rooms.

There are little bobbedhair instructors to dance with sailors and soldiers at the new dance place and everything is under the scrutinizing air of Evelyn Hubbell, who made Castle House, the Majestic and Waldorf roofs the most popular dancing places in town.

Four years ago the idea of a drinkless dansant would have been hooted by wise-acres. Now it is proving to be a money making institution. New Yorkers cling to some ideas like a 12-year-old boy to a set of adenoids, but when convinced that they are wrong they rush to the new idea with the greatest enthusiasm.

The Hotel McAlpin, ketting ready for prohibition, has opened up an ice cream parlor right off of its foyer on Thirty-fourth street. Ice cream at 40 cents a plate is bringing crowds. No drinks are permitted. Many astute hotel men believe that the next step after prohibition comes will be coffee rooms.

Coffee is a favorite New York drink and with cocktails, highballs and absinthe drips gone—coffee may be the next best bet.

Down in Greenwich Village the other night I met Tiny Tim, the candy vender. As might be imagined he gets his name from his stature. He is one of the village philosophers and he makes his living by selling candy of his own making to village visitors. Tiny Tim lives in a village garret which he calls Tiny Tim's Taffy Tave to complete the alliteration. All the village folk love him for his cheerfulness. He never complains about poor business but believes that some power greater than his own gives him his supply. At the same time I saw an artist's model of some little village fame. She is the daughter of a wealthy Brooklyn family but has left a fine home to prowl around the garrets and tea room. She has renounced all the conventions, is a defender of birth control and free love. Tiny Tim annoys her, she said. "He is too smug" she said "and too cheerful. Who wants to be happy all the time?" Of the two, however, it was easy to see that Tiny Tim was the more popular.

Seen around the town: a ninety-year-old man playing an excellent game of pool. George M. Cohan delivering a liberty loan speech on the steps of the Public Library. A policeman shooting a sick cat in the heart of Times Square. A group of Japanese riding in Central Park. An old apple woman with three stars on her service flag. A street blockade as the result of crowds going to a Christian Science lecture. A young Broadway fop slinking up a side street after a policeman saw him flirting.

Sammie—Say, Paw, what is a notion store?

Paw—Oh, it's a place where women go occasionally when they have no notion what to buy.—Indianapolis Star.

Important Notice to Readers.

So many complaints are being received from readers of this publication because of late receipt of its issues sent through the United States mail, that we take occasion to suggest that as we have no control over the publication after it is delivered to the postoffice authorities, any delay in transit should be immediately reported to this office and also to the Postmaster General, Washington, D. C. The readers' co-operation and compliance with this suggestion will aid in bringing about a betterment of service.